

Kentucky Marker Papers

Primary – Grade 12

~ without Annotations ~



Kentucky Department
of Education

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POEMS

GRADE 4 - POEM

If I Were A Tree

If I were a tree I would hear
Birds in there nests up high
Wind blowing through my leaves
Squirrels eating nuts inside me. CRUNCH!

If I were a tree I would smell
Flowers beneath my trunk
A stinky skunk wondering around me,
about to spray
The gun powder from men hunting around
me

If I were a tree I would feel
Rain falling through my leaves
Drilling from a woodpecker
Acorns falling from my limbs

If I were a tree I would see
Boys climbing up my trunk laughing as
they went
Bugs crawling inside me, eating away at
me
New born birds eating worms

If I were a tree I would taste
Berries next to my trunk
Sweet honey inside me
Flower pollen from beneath me
If I were a tree

GRADE 4 - POEM

I Am a Big Sister.

I am going to be a big sister.
I am curious if it's a boy or girl.
I am worried if it's alright.
I dream about holding it in my arms.
I am going to be a big sister.

I am a big sister.
I found out it's a boy!
I love him and care for him.
I can't wait to see him in his baby bed.
I am a big sister.

I hold him at the hospital.
I look at him through the window.
I imagine him at home.
I wonder about him.
I am a big sister.

I hug my mom when she's sad.
I wash her tears away.
I think about him deep down inside.
I pray for him each night.
I am a big sister.

GRADE 5 - POEM

Twass the night before the test
And all through the school,
Everyone was so nervice
No one was cool.

They knew it was coming
They had to prepare,
So they took home thier books
And studied with care.

While the students were studing
Upstairs in thier rooms,
They were looking for answers
To avoid sure doom.

With thier lights turned on
And thier books open wide,
They studied thier notes
Then set them aside.

You see it's hard to study
When you're in a bad mood,
So they went to the kitchen
To gather some food.

There was no food in sight
Not a bite anywhere,
The "fridge" was all empty
And the kitchen was bare.

Then they looked at the wall
And saw a painting of Mona Lisa,
Then they picked up the phone
And ordered some pizza.

They ordered a large

Then went back to work,
They studied thier notes
Then turned with a jerk.

The phone begain ringing
Thier pizza was on it's way,
With the driver in a car
And not in a sliegh.

When what to thier wondering
Eyes should appear,
But a VoltsWagon Beetle
Filled with good cheer.

With a fat little driver
Thats not very quick,
They knew in a moment
It was Domino Mick.

He gave them thier pizza
They tried not to wait,
But the pizza was cold
And it was getting late.

They were starting to panic
They were pacing the hall,
They needed some help
Oh! who could they call?

"Call Susan, call Kendra
call Katie and Sara,
call Richard, call Andy,
call Peter and Clàra.

They needed some help
They're at wits end,

They need someone
On whom they can depend.

As with any subject
You want to do your best,
You study real hard
So you can ace the test.

So back to the phone
To make one last call,
They weren't giving up
They were giving their all.

It was getting late
So who could they ask,
To help them complete
This important task.

They put thier heads together
And came up with a plan,
They'd make themselves a quiz
Then answer the best they can.

From thier notes and thier books
They made up a test,
Each taking turns to answer
To see who was the best.

From pullies to magnets
From rockets to rocks,
The questions got harder
With each tick of the clock.

But each question helped them
In every best way,
For the test that was before them

On the upcoming day.

It was getting late
So they jumped in thier beds,
While all of the answers
Were fresh in thier heads.

When they got up the next morning
And packed up thier stuff,
They knew alot of answers
But was it enough?

They arrived at school
And sat at thier desks,
They sharpened thier pencils
Now bring on the test!

The teacher walked in
And scurried around,
She looked for the test
But they were not to be found.

So she looked at the students
And cracked a big smile,
Merry Christmas to all
Now lets party awhile.

GRADE 5 - POEM

TREE

TREES WILL STAND, QUIET
AND STILL, AND YOU CAN WATCH
THEM FROM YOUR WINDOW SILL. SQUIRRLS
WILL SCAMPER ON THEIR LIMBS, THEIR TAILS
ALL BUSHY, NEVER TRIMMED. AND IF YOU
LOOK, IN THE RIGHT PLACES, YOU
WILL FIND INSECTS IN
SECRET SPACES.

TREES ARE THE
SOURCE OF ENDLESS
WONDER, FROM NUTS
AND FRUITS TO MOUNTAINS
OF COLOR. AND JUST A REMINDER
BETWEEN YOU AND ME, IT NEVER HURTS

TO PLANT A TREE.

GRADE 5 - POEM

Rain

Dark Clouds begin to crawl across the sky.
Then suddenly I hear a strange sound.

Pitter, Patter

Pitter, Patter

little
drops
of
water
fall

It is raining!

Each drop talks as it
Hits

The

Ground.

Pitter, Patter

Pitter, Patter

The thunder answers with an angry BOOM!

A streak of light flies across the sky.

The rain comes

down harder.

Then there is silence.

The rain stops.

The sky turns blue and the sun glistens.

GRADE 6 - POEM

Little Old Lady

She sits in the park on a little old bench,
Feeding the robin, bluebird, and finch.
She sits wrapped up all chilly and cold,
She imagines she has riches, silver, and gold.
She imagines a house warm and snug,
With lace curtains and a jewel beaded rug.
She imagines a turkey and raspberry, cranberry sauce,
Then she comes back and realizes her lose.
Thinking of all that isn't hers,
She remembers what she does have warmth, food, and the
birds.
So whenever you wish you had so much more,
Remember the good things and don't be sore.

GRADE 6 - POEM

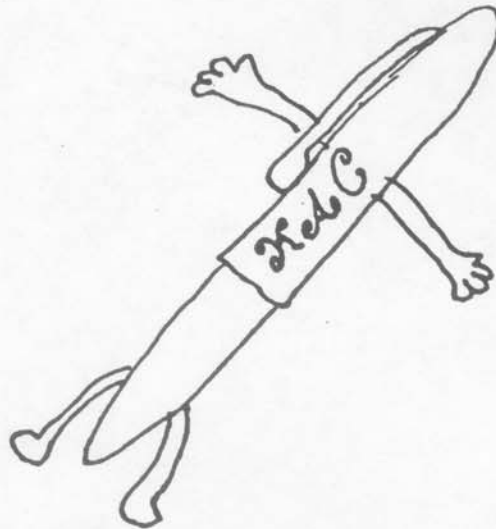
THE PEN LOST ITSELF

Hey, Mom!
You know that pen,
That you really loved,
That you got as a going away present,
That you used all the time,
That had your name on it?
You know, the one that I borrowed.

Well that pen,
Kind of lost me.
I didn't lose it,
It lost me!
How could it do that?

"GERTRUDE NEIMAN"!!!!!!

Good bye!



GRADE 7 - POEM

Adam, My Brother, My Friend

Opening up the cedar chest
where our family treasures are held,
my eyes lay upon some of the memories
we shared together.
I pull out the first box and I see your baby blanket
wrapped in tissue:
soft as cotton,
blue like a spring sky,
and the scent of cedar.
I pick it up and a slight shiver comes over me.
The next box I discovered held
the Christening Outfit
that each of us wore for our Baptism:
a soft, pale yellow gown with
a white, satin ribbon to tie at the feet,
and a beautiful, matching blanket.
I hold it close to my heart where all of my
memories are stored.
I suddenly ponder about the wonderful,
fun times we had together.
However, a solemn sadness surrounds me.
Picking up your baby book, I open it and
see your pictures taped inside.
One picture captured you sitting in
your pumpkin seat.
Warm droplets of tears course
down my face.
Remembering how we once danced
to the music of the movie "Rocky II,"
I speak to myself, "I love you, Adam."
I tenderly remove a picture showing your
bright, golden smile as you sat in your
Big Wheel, giving the camera a "thumbs up."
I wish you were still alive!
Tears race down my face while I speak
under my breath,
"Why did you have to die?
Why did you have to leave us?
Adam, you were my brother and my friend!
I love you!"

GRADE 8 - POEM

REACH FOR THE STARS

The midnight sky
Outlines his dark old limbs
He reaches for the stars
as the moonlight dims
and just out of reach
they laugh
so it seems
all the same
this old, old tree
will stretch for the stars
and his sprawling thin hands
will just miss
the wink, and the gleam.

This poem was originally published in the *Kentucky English Bulletin*, Spring 1995.



The Revelation of the Tree

*I came to a tree
Vaulting in stature
Surrounded by others
Who were competing
For the sensation of oxygen*

*I saw those who stood
So proud and tall
Those who felt no commiseration
For the smaller ones who only
Wanted to blossom and flourish.
The branches of the monumental
Structures towered over the heads
Of the feeble, dieing, bodies.*

*Then my eyes dropped down limb by limb
To those that had collapsed to their knees
Under the weight of the mighty ones
I saw those who were in the depths of sorrow,
And none would offer them a hand.
They knew they couldn't rise beyond
Those with such prodigious omnipotence.*

*I saw the beautiful, demonic, honeysuckles
Creeping silently over the feet of the helpless lilacs
As well as the rigid weeds who
Were smothering the ground.
A hawk, who was perched on a limb,
Swooped down fiercely stabbing a field mouse
With his razor talons.
My heart dropped suddenly and slid
To my feet, resting between my toes.*

*How can they be so vile and cold-hearted?
Then the largest tree in the middle of the forest said
"My child this is the way of the world."*

He Speaks of Mountains

*When my hands
were still small enough to capture fireflies and watch their glow
inside my fleshy, clutching caves,
He spoke of the mountains.*

*Told me that he covered them with barefeet,
while dew still dripped from sycamores.
Freckled and perched upon his knee, I followed his eyes-blue like mine-as
they traced his youth paths. His lips formed the legends of an era, filled
with briar fences and smokehouse cabins.
Hawk nests and fields of hay.*

"See the road." I nodded yes.

"It was dirt and narrow."

*He traveled earth-barren wagon ways to the cemetery, beyond the
bordered pasture.*

"See the ridge." I smile.

"Your family rests beneath."

Rough limestone, shaded grave, the face of my legacy becoming soil.

He speaks to me of mountains, and pine-laden forests.

Breezes as gentle as his whisper.

*My palms, the color of ripe apricots, release the prisoner struggling
within.*

He Speaks of Mountains

I breathe, deeply- thin, rural air. The same my grandfather thrives upon.

Crisp, like the fallen maple leaves, freshly upsetting the surrounding trees.

FIRE

I drove my car indifferently
On a Saturday of no particular color
When I saw the street that was on the six o'clock news
(we take you to the scene live)
And I turned down that road
Reluctant but still wanting to see.
A short distance down, it stood
Amid pristine new structures that were
Impeccably groomed with not a thing out of place
The charred timbers that were somebody's home
Reaching with spindly, sickly, blackened arms
Pleading toward the sky in frozen agony
To be whole again.
And I thought of the flames
Creating their unholy halo against the night sky
Greedy devouring all and belching heavy black smoke
This mass of contrasts that were these flames.
Glowing yet so cruel
Never cold but still uncaring
Of whose safe kitchen they invade
Or what child's toys they break
Or whose father they burn the life out of.
And after a long moment I turned back the way I came
Having no more business there
Already losing the edges of the memory
But knowing that, before I drifted off to sleep that night,
I would send a silent, earnest little prayer--
Please God don't let the flames get me.